The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1801.

THE WILL.

[*Tranſlated from the Greek.*]

ATHENDORUS lived at Athens. He punctually diſcharged the duties of a good citizen. His fortune was below mediocrity. A ſmall patrimony had ſcarcely ſufficed for the expenſes of his education. His fidelity to his friends, his tenderneſs to his parents, his taſte for the ſciences, his genius and ſtrict integrity, merited, and acquired him the love and reſpect of his fellow citizens. While young he had given ſalutary counſels to his country, and had ſerved with diſtinction in its wars. The different ſects of philoſophers, contended amongſt themſelves for the honour of having him for a deſciple. Athendorus refuſed to make a choice. Perhaps he was detered by their perpetual diſputes; it may be he was afraid, that by joining one ſect he would give offence to the reſt; or perhaps he was contented to conduct himſelf through life a true philoſopher without being ambitious of the title. The wealthieſt citizens of Athens were his friends. They were in vain deſirous of making him amends for the injuſtice of fortune. Philocles was the only perſon from whom he would receive the ſmalleſt favour, even when ſtruggling with extreme penury. *Monimia*, a young Athenian, indigent but beautiful, gentle, modeſt and virtuous, touched his heart; ſhe was equally charmed with Athendorus. The horrors of poverty did not terrify them; their ſouls were mingled, and they determined to join their hands. Content with little, honeſt induſtry ſupplied all their wants. They found a thouſand pleaſing means of rendering their burthen more light, and they mutually aided each other in ſupporting it. The current of their days glided unruffled on the boſom of innocence and peace; they were happy. Happineſs ſo pure would never have ſuffered abatement; but death, cruel death! ſnatched Athendorus, from the arms of his inconſolable wife. He left her as a pledge of love, a daughter too young as yet to be ſenſible of her misfortune, and for a jointure, a will. *Monimia*, her head covered with a veil which hardly concealed the exceſs of her grief, holding her daughter in one hand, and the will of her departed huſband in the other, was conducted before the aſſembly of the Areopagus, in the preſence of a multitude of citizens, anxious to hear read the will of a philoſopher, who had nothing to bequeath. They opened it, and found therein theſe words. "I demiſe to Philocles the deareſt of my friends, my wife and daughter, and deſire he may marry the one, and portion and educate the other." So ſingular a will, ſo little calculated to enrich the the legatee, occaſioned many pointed pleaſantries. The Athenians, vivacious and ſatirical, exerciſed that poignant wit, ſo peculiar to themſelves, in ridiculing the memory of Athendorus. But their mirth was intercepted by the arrival of Philocles, who, eagerly breaking through the crowd, preſented himſelf before the judges, his temples crowned with flowers, and bearing in his hand the cup of libation. O Athenians! cried he, penetrated with grief for the death of Athendorus, I went to his tomb; I ornamented it with thoſe funeral gifts with which we decorate the tombs of thoſe who are immaturely torn from us. In the fulneſs of my ſorrow, proſtrate on the tomb of my friend, I bathed it with my tears, I uttered groans and ſighs; all the faculties of my ſoul were ſuſpended; nay, there were ſome moments when I imagined, that my ſpirit was going to follow that of him whom I lamented. Suddenly I heard a ſecret voice at the bottom of my heart which ſaid to me, is it by cries, groans, tears, and unavailing ſuperfluous ſorrow, thou meaneſt to honour the aſhes of thy friend? Athendorus was benign, he feared the Gods, avoided the wicked, eſchewed evil, and acted uprightly. His virtues have entitled him to the reward deſtined for the juſt. His ſoul at this moment actually enjoys the pureſt pleaſures of Elyſium. And thinkeſt thou that in thoſe manſions of unclouded bliſs, his gentle ſpirit can feel a wiſh to diſturb the quiet of his friend? Doſt thou imagine that he requires thee to follow him into the grave! did he not leave thee ſome duties to fulfil? Watch over his diſconſolate widow; be a father to his orphan

daughter, cheriſh and love thoſe, who while on earth he cheriſhed and loved. Imitate him, and perpetuate the remembrance of his virtues by practiſing them. Thus thou wilt fulfil the intentions of Athendorus. Theſe words revived my ſinking ſpirits, I felt myſelf reanimated. Ariſing with precipitation and in a kind of ecſtacy, I carried away the funeral gifts which ſhaded the tomb of Athendorus. I have covered it with flowers; I have ornamented my head with them; I have repleniſhed my cup with ſparkling wine; I have made the uſual libation. I know, Oh Athenians! the contents of Athendorus's will, I will obey his laſt commands. Then approaching *Monimia*, and her daughter, and embracing them tenderly: Wife of my friend, cried he, thou ſhalt be mine, I have one daughter, the fruit of a former marriage, thy daughter ſhall be reared with her, and I will make no diſtinction between them. I mean not, O *Monimia*, to endeavour to make you forget your huſband; imprinted on our hearts in characters not to be effaced, we will always preſerve a ſweet, a tender remembrance of him. His fidelity to his friends, his tenderneſs to his family, his love for his country, his patience, his courage, ſhall be the conſtant theme of our converſation, and the object of our admiration. We will never forget his virtues, we will endeavour to imitate them, and leave them as precedents to thoſe who ſhall ſurvive us. The words of Philocles moved the hearts of the Athenians, who only replied by acclamations. That volatile people, to whom it was only neceſſary to point out the path of rectitude, to engage them to purſue it, heaped praiſes on Philocles, and conducted him to his houſe with every demonſtration of joy. Philocles religiouſly obſerved his promiſe; he married *Monimia* and made her happy; he ſpared no expenſe on the education of the daughter of Athendorus; and when ſhe had attained her ſixteenth year, aſſigned her a portion, and left her at liberty in the choice of an huſband.

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Doctor Franklin's Whiſtle.

WHEN I was a child of ſeven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my little pockets with *coppers*. I went directly to a ſhop where they ſold toys for children; and being charmed with the ſound of a whiſtle that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whiſtling all over the houſe, much pleaſed with my whiſtle, but diſturbing all the family. My brothers, and ſiſters, and couſins, underſtanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the reſt of the money; and they laughed at me ſo much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whiſtle gave me pleaſure.

This, however, was afterwards of uſe to me, the impreſſion continuing on my mind, ſo that often, when I was tempted to buy ſome unneceſſary thing, I ſaid to myſelf, *dont give too much for the* WHISTLE;—and ſo I ſaved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and obſerved the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the* WHISTLE.

When I ſaw one too ambitious of court-favour, ſacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have ſaid to myſelf, *this man gives too much for his* WHISTLE.

When I ſaw another fond of popularity, conſtantly employing himſelf in political buſtles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *he pays, indeed*, ſaid I, *too much for the WHISTLE.*

If I knew a miſer, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleaſure of doing good to others, all the eſteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendſhip, for the ſake of acumulating wealth; *poor man!* ſaid I, *you indeed, pay too much for your WHISTLE.*

When I met with a man of pleaſure, ſacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal ſenſations, and ruining his health in the perſuit; *miſtaken man!* ſaid I, *you are providing pain for yourſelf, inſtead of pleaſure: you give too much for your* WHISTLE.

If I ſaw one fond of fine clothes, fine houſes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in priſon; *alas!* ſaid I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his* WHISTLE.

When I ſaw a beautiful, ſweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a huſband, *what a pity it is*, ſaid I, *that ſhe paid ſo much for a* WHISTLE.

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by *their giving too much for their* WHISTLES.

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History of Jack Smith.

[*Continued from page* 263.]

How, indeed, had he failed! How widely different the course that he had taken! From such thoughts, at first pleasing, the sweets were soon gone, and the gall alone remained; despair returned with double force. Upon death alone could he think with any satisfaction; upon death he had determined. One more night, and all his worldly cares were ended. In the morning of the morrow he purposed, as far as possible to arrange his affairs; in the evening, the scene would be finally closed. He took up his hat, and went out to deposit, in the post office, the letter he had written to Mr. Freeman; but when he arrived at the general post office, he found the letter box was shut up. He was going away, when a gentleman, who was one of the clerks, opening the slider, very civilly told him it was not yet too late, and took it from him, as if released from a burden, Smith hastily walked away; the gentleman called after him, but he was too much lost in himself to hear the call. He next went to a pawnbroker's, and pledged his watch for two guineas; with these he furnished himself with a pistol, powder and lead. Wishing to be as collected as possible on the following day, and conscious that without aid, he should not be able to take any rest that night, he called at an apothecary's, and ordered a soporific draught; this he took before he went to bed. Nature, exhausted by the occurrences of the three last days embraced with pleasure this temporary oblivium, and the youth for a few hours, forgot both his sorrows, and the fatal termination that awaited him.

He arose in the morning somewhat indeed refreshed in body, but the hellish purpose of the evening as firmly rooted as ever in his mind. After taking a slight breakfast, the last meal he had resolved to make, he began the intended arrangement of his affairs: alas! he had but a little to arrange; but the plausible act was an object, to employ his mind till the evening, and to amuse his conscience with the false idea, that he had neither rashly nor carelessly forsaken his post. He first drew up a systematical account of his debts in Oxford and in town, and closed with the vast sum lost to Lord Carmine. About to leave this world, the poor youth regarded things with another eye, and no longer considered this last debt as the most honorable and first to be paid. In a note addressed to Mr. Freeman, he pointed out to him the debts he wished to be satisfied, if his friends would so far respect his memory, as to trouble themselves any longer for him. The sums he mentioned did not amount to one hundred pounds; these were necessary articles, and his baggage on board the vessel, if it could be retrieved, amounted to about that sum. The other debts had been the offspring of luxury and dissipation, and as such he regarded them as of far less consequence: these came to about four hundred pounds; but he mentioned them, that in case his birth ever became known, and the means of paying them made easy, there might be no mistake. Lastly he sealed up the packet addressed to Mr. Freeman, and telling the people of the house, that he was about to begin a long journey that evening, desired them to give it as directed, whenever it should be called for.

With a deep groan he took from his bosom the trinket which Miss Modeley had once given to him, and the ivory cross that had once been his mother's. Beloved memorials of those most dear to me, said he, I must now part with you, lest, if this wretched body should ever be found, ye prove the means of discovering its owner.——No: it matters not who will ever value you! who will ever know your worth when I am gone! Pledges of a mother, and of a ——, his voice failed him—'ye shall grace my funeral.' The death doomed period began to approach, to the silent hour of midnight he looked forward for the perpetration of the ghastly deed, as the least liable to interruption.—In the close of the evening he walked out to view the fatal spot, and so to arrange the horrid work that no prevention might take place.

My heart yearns, while I trace this miserable young man through the deliberate series of his destruction; when I consider the excellent qualities of his heart, the liberal endowments of his mind, the nobleness of his soul, all, all contaminated by the deadly blasts of dissipation. Why should I enumerate the evident causes of his destruction; a want of decent resolution in virtue, a too great fondness of the applause of others. Oh! cursed vanity! Thy temptations were not greater than what falls to the lot of most young men. Why hadst thou not power to resist? What are abilities? What is learning? What is sense?—Blessings given us by the Deity. Man misapplies and abuses them, and makes a curse of the blessing. What opening prospects dawned on the early morn of his life! before the hour of noon, how was the scene changed! that his situation was now deplorable, no one can deny. He had contracted debts both of real and nominal honour, to an amount he had no possibility of paying. His sole means he had lately forfeited. How forfeited? There was the sting.

Endowed with natural valour, and the highest sense of its duties, he had acted the part of a public coward, and forsaken his post; and if any thing was wanting to complete the blow, he had for ever lost the first and warmest wish of his heart. The days of my life, said he, have been days of misery; were they to continue any longer, what a prospect! Is there no hope remaining? Not one. Disgrace in every form awaits me. My peace and happiness are already lost; a trial, condemnation, and punishment, are preparing to follow; my present fame is gone, my future blasted; my friends forsake, or perish with me; my creditors seize on me; a jail,—No: a jail shall not terminate the scene. And he rushed furiously out of the house.

Rash and unthinking young man! Rush not into the deadly gulph of suicide; beware of a crime never to be expiated, never to be repented of; a crime that stands alone in the human catalogue; a crime that eternally closes the fair prospects of hope, and leaves thee in a wild, solitary, and impenetrable gloom.

Gracious God! into whatever troubles I may fall by my vices or my misfortunes, let me not despair of thy forgiveness; to thee belongs justice and vengeance—to thee belongs mercy. Shall wretched man dare to be his own judge, to punish or to pardon? Shall he presume to deal the bolts of the Almighty? O God! I am dependant on thee alone; by thy fiat I came into this world—I wait thy call ere I leave it. Thou hast appointed me a station here, let me fulfil its dictates, let me not fly from my trust, but let me resolutely bear its burdens.—It is enough for me that it is thy pleasure——Thy will be done.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance, my old age new born,
But now that fair fresh mirror dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death, by time outworn.
Oh! from my cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all my beauty from my glass,
That I can no more see what once I was;

Shakspeare's Tarquin and Lucrece.

TO investigate the particulars of this ungrateful tale, we must go back to the circumstance of the letter which was sent to Mr. Freeman. It may be remembered, that the gentleman who took the letter from poor Smith, called to him to come back, and that the other wrapt up in his own melancholy ideas, heard him not, but hurried away from the spot. The clerk of the post office, who thus called to him, knew Mr. Freeman very well, and seeing the letter was directed to him, wished to inform the youth that Mr. Freeman was at that very time, in town. As Smith heard not his voice, the clerk did not put the letter in the box with the rest, but at his own peril, kept it to give to Mr. Freeman whom he was to see in the morning.

Mr. Freeman was to dine in the city, and it was nearly dinner time before he called at the post office. The gentleman gave him the letter, adding, that a person had brought it there the over night in a violent hurry, and was gone again before he could inform him he was in town. The evening already began to set in; Mr. Freeman therefore waited till he came to his friend's house before he opened the letter; with the utmost horror he read the first line. 'Before you receive this the unhappy writer will be no more.' He cast his eye on the signature; he hastily seized upon his hat—again he stopped, and opening the letter, he eagerly looked from whence it was dated, then out of the house. To the enquiries of his astonished friend, It is business of the utmost consequence, he said; in a moment he was in the street, and running along the pavement ceased not till he arrived at the lodgings of the youth.—Which is Mr. Smith's room? cried he: the people of the house shewed him the door, and he rushed into the apartment. Smith was not in the room; Mr. Freeman turned round, and was again rushing out when he bethought him of the letter. He called for a candle and immediately read it over; in hopes by the contents that the horrid deed was not yet accomplished. Uncertain from which bridge the crime was to be perpetrated, and finding the hour was to be twelve at night, he determined for a while to stay where he was. Exhausted and out of breath, he threw himself upon a sofa; scarcely was he seated before footsteps were heard slowly coming up stairs. Mr. Freeman, with trembling anxiety, rose from his seat; the door opened, and Smith entered. Suddenly and violently Mr. Freeman caught him in his arms; but he could do no more—his swollen heart rose to his mouth, and stopt all utterance; overcome with the contending passions within him, he sunk upon the sofa, and burst into a violent paroxysm of tears. Smith, at first, stood as one thunderstruck—yet it seemed to him, as if an angel had descended from heaven, and snatched him from destruction. But his thot's were soon turned from himself to the situation of Mr. Freeman, whose tears, bursting with a fury that baffles all description, strongly shewed the dreadful agitation of his mind. Smith alarmed, approached him, and attempted to speak, but Mr. Freeman pushed him violently from him, then again, suddenly rising, he seized him by the arm, and his whole frame trembling at the time, he hastily searched the pockets of the youth—what he looked for was not there; he rushed to the table, which was a small deal one, and had a drawer locked.—This is no time for locks, said he, and furiously tearing the table to pieces, found the pistol he was looking for; it was not yet loaded, but Mr. Freeman, without regarding that circumstance, attempted again and again to discharge it through the window; but finding upon repeated trials, it did not go off, he opened the sash, and threw it with all his force into an adjacent court. Then turning to Smith, wretched boy, said he, you never yet told me a falsehood—have you any more of these infernal instruments? Smith meekly answered, 'No.' Mr. Freeman, as if released from a heavy weight, heaved a deep sigh, and sunk again upon the sofa. Smith was very much affected at the agitation of his friend, who now seemed somewhat more composed, and he offered again to speak to him, and to take his hand. Mr. Freeman did not refuse his hand, but strongly grasping Smith's said, Promise me sacredly, you will not again attempt your life. As Smith hesitated for words, he emphatically continued, if you have the courage of the mind as well as of the body; if you have the real fortitude, the fortitude to bear and conquer, and not to fly from, or yield to, trouble and affliction; if you have any regard for me for Grey, for Willis, for the peace of mind of any of your friends; if you wish them not to curse your memory, to execrate the hour when they first knew you; if the name of the Almighty God has still respect in your heart, and you doubt not his mercy and the merits of his beloved son, —answer me at once, that your life shall be safe from self-assassination?

Forgive me, dear sir, said Smith, while grief for the situation to which he had driven his friend, almost choaked his utterance, I will indeed be ruled by you; whatever and how dreadful soever the fate that awaits me may be, I will patiently bear it to the end of my pilgrimage; and though my crimes and misfortunes are many, self-murder shall not close the list. Then, Smith, said Mr. Freeman, greatly softened, thou shalt still be dear to me; thou art no longer the complete wretch I a few moments ago tho't thee. All may yet be well! Smith shook his head at the last words; the idea of his still beloved, though no longer Miss Modeley, was foremost in his mind. Oh! Mr. Freeman, said he, how shall I ever thank you for the most timely rescue? May my God forgive me as well as you!

Other thoughts than suicide now took possession of his soul, and he walked into the adjoining room; as he closed the door Mr. Freeman felt that, in his present agitation, he could not leave him, and gently opening it, he perceived, at the other corner of the room, the penitent youth, upon his knees, in the act of devotion. Released from every fear, unperceived he again retreated, and Smith soon after returned to his friend.

The alarming perturbation that raged through Mr. Freeman's whole frame, had had more effect upon this young man, than all the remonstrances and solid reasonings of a set of philosophers could have accomplished at the time. Mr. Freeman was a man of very strong passions; he had constantly accustomed himself to rein them within due bounds, and very rarely it was that they exceeded their limits; but the dreadful circumstance that had just been presented to his mind, had thrown him completely off his guard; subject to controul, they raged with redoubled

violence, and, but for the seasonable intervention of tears, might have been dangerous in their consequences. While the fate of Smith was in doubt, fear smothered them; but when once Mr. Freeman was certain he was safe, his anger at the intention, his joy for his safety, hope, mistrust, and a thousand nameless suspicions, all burst forth, and occasioned those violent sensations I have faintly endeavoured to describe. Mr. Freeman was so well assured of Smith's adherence to the truth, so solemnly given, that he had no longer any apprehensions concerning his destroying himself; but as he did not chuse to leave the youth in his present ungrateful circumstances, he sent for his portmanteau, and got accommodated with a bed in the same house. Mr. Freeman, in the mean time, explained to Smith his unexpected arrival, and the lucky circumstance of his getting his letter from one of the clerks. Every thing being duly explained, and as neither of the gentlemen had eat any thing since the morning, a dinner was ordered from the nearest coffee house. In the course of the evening Smith recounted the particulars of his ill fate, nor did he conceal the soul-rending news, that the beloved idol of his heart was now in the arms of another. I omit a very excellent discourse which Mr. Freeman made, to shew the cursed evils of suicide. "This day, my dear friend," concluded he, "I shall reckon the happiest of my life, in having prevented the worst of crimes—a crime that cannot be atoned for—a crime of all others the most selfish. The false philosophy of Atheism encouraged it, Pride applauded, and Shame gave the blow. Did Brutus, Cassius and Cato murder themselves to benefit mankind? Had they dared to live, chance might at last have favoured them; but they fainted in the cause, and their deaths only sealed the destruction of their country. Men of real virtue disdain to die through fear, Regulus.——But I've done. Oh, Smith, thou hast happily conquered! be henceforth virtuous, be truly brave, and though the world itself perish around thee, uninjured thou shalt still be free.'

In the interim of the few days, that Smith had been absent from town to P——, a particular circumstance had already taken place, which as it is connected with the thread of my story, I shall relate in the next chapter.

CHAPTER. XXXV.

—— The man, who wrongs my friend,
To the earth's utmost verge I woul'd pursue;
No place, tho' e'er so holy, shoul'd protect him:
No shape, that artful fear e'er form'd, shou'd hide him,
Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

ROWE'S FAIR PENITENT.

AFTER our hero's departure to P——, Lord Carmine, in the course of conversation with Mrs. Cherville, discovered that Mr. Marmaduke's description of the finances of his friend had been greatly exagerated. His Lordship was not at all pleased at the intelligence, fearful that he had taken great pains to very little purpose, but determined to make more particular inquiries. The reader will scarcely recollect a wretch of the name of Wireman at Oxford with our hero, and who was ever pushing himself into the company of the great. Lord Carmine met him the same morning in the Park, and had occasionally seen him before. Wireman bowed very low.

'Here' said his Lordship calling after him, 'Mr. Wireman I think your name is?'

'Yes, my Lord, at your service.'

'You were at Oxford, I believe. Do you remember a person of the name of Smith of C. C?'

'Smith, my Lord, of——'

'Of a damned old castle in Wales.' Mr. Wireman got his cue, and in his eagerness to depreciate our hero, was as far on the other side the mark as ever Marmaduke had been. 'I believe, Mr. What's your name,' said his Lordship, as he left him, 'you are not very correct, but I find I have been damnably taken in any how.' It happened, the evening after, that Lord Carmine accidently fell into company with Lord Edward Cafusin, and as he knew the duke frequently resided at Glamorganshire, and that his son was lately come from Oxford he enquired if he knew such a man as Smith of C. C. describing his person. Lord Edward answered, 'Very well, he lives near me in Wales.'

'And is he a man of great expectations?'

'Not the least, my Lord; he has been very unlucky lately, but he is—'

'I believe, a perfect swindler,' added Lord Carmine, with the utmost contempt. Lord Edward fired, 'A swindler! my Lord.'—'At least,' added the other, indignantly, "I'm sure he's an adventurer, or he never would have played with me for thousands when he is not worth a shilling."

"An adventurer! for thousands! I never knew he gamed?"

'Yes; he owes me at present two thousand guineas.'—'Oh! he does,' continued Lord Edward, with a sneer, 'I believe I can tell who is the greatest adventurer.'—'Sir?' said Lord Carmine haughtily, as if asking a question. 'Yes' retorted Lord Edward, no longer able to curb his passion, 'I mean you.' The angry Lords would have immediately put in practice the pugilistic art, in which Lord Carmine was an adept; but respect for the company interposed, and Lord Edward departed soon after. He was not surprised next morning by being waited upon by major O'Haisy, who very politely delivered the following message: 'That Lord Carmine requested the honor of his company at ——, between twelve and one that morning, accompanied by a friend, and a surgeon, if his Lordship thought proper.' Lord Edward answered, 'He would not fail attending him, and should only bring a friend."

Between twelve and one the gentlemen met. Lord Carmine fired first; the ball struck Lord Edward on the forehead—he fell by the force of the blow. He had stood fronting his adversary, with his head erected, and luckily the ball hit him so high, that it only grazed his forehead, and passed away. To the surprise of Lord Carmine, he instantly rose from the ground; and professing himself uninjured, the surgeon tied a white handkerchief round his head to stop the blood, which flowed down his face. His second now gave Lord Edward his pistol, who discharged it at random, but the ball lodged in the body of his adversary. The surgeon again stepped forward; he examined the wound; the ball had entered too deep to be extracted on the spot, and Lord Carmine was carried in great pain to his carriage.

As Lord Edward was leaving the field, Captain O'Haisy came up to him, and informed him, in defence of his friend that walking with Lord Carmine in the Park, they had met a fellow of the name of Wireman, who had, in a great degree, occasioned the quarrel. Unluckily for Wireman, Lord Edward, in his way home, perceived him at a small distance. Wireman was familiarly coming up to him,

when his Lordſhip, diſmounting from his horſe, in a few words told him the fatal conſequences of his conduct. 'Wretch, do you think you ſhall eſcape? No. I'll make an example of you for lying chatterers of the day.' He was as good as his word, for he exerciſed his whip upon his back and ſhoulders, till he had completely demoliſhed a fine ſilken coat, with which Wireman, newly equipped, was proceeding on a viſit to an honourable acquaintance. The tattered poltron returned back to town, and ſhame held his tongue upon the circumſtance.

The ſurgeon, on the following day, attended Lord Edward by his particular deſire, and informed him that his patient was extremely ill; they had not been able yet to extract the ball, and that he had great fears for his life. Lord Edward was extremely ſorry to hear this unfavourable account, but, as he conſidered himſelf in no reſpect as the aggreſſor, he determined not to fly his country. On the third morning, the day after Mr. Freeman had ſo happily prevented the deſperate intention of our hero, the ball was extracted; but Lord Carmine was become ſo weak by the exertion, that the low diet to which he was confined, and the great pain he ſuffered, had wonderfully depreſſed his haughty ſpirits. He began ſeriouſly to think he ſhould die; and Conſcience, who had never troubled his Lordſhip before, began to exert his influence. He had known, before Smith left London, that the fleet had ſailed, and ſuppoſing that he might have returned, he made enquiries at the coffee houſe which Smith had ſaid he frequented, and found he had ordered a dinner from thence the day before, and lodged in Covent-Garden. Lord Carmine loſt no time in ſummoning his confidential valet, and ordering every one elſe out of the room, he then dictated the following letter:

To —— SMITH, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I encloſe you thirty-two guineas, as well as your note for two thouſand, none of which you fairly loſt. I truſt to your honour that, whether I recover or not, you will never make this circumſtance public.

'C.'

There was another paper in which was the following:—

'My quarrel and ſubſequent duel with Lord Edward Caſuſin originate with myſelf. I make this acknowledgment, as a man of honour and as a gentleman, to ſave his Lordſhip any trouble in caſe of my death.

'CARMINE.'

Smith received the papers while he was at breakfaſt with Mr. Freeman. As he could implicitly truſt that gentleman, he made no ſcruple of ſhewing them both to him, and, as he gave the firſt, a ſmile once more brightened the countenance of the youth. When Smith had thought of departing from this ſublunary ſphere, his debts of honour had appeared of the ſmalleſt moment; but, at preſent, things were changed, and he was not ſorry to be releaſed from ſo heavy a ſum: ſuch a ſtrong hold has faſtidious cuſtom upon the mind! As the drowning wretch catches at the ſmall ſtraw in hopes to ſave him; as the miſer laments the moſt trifling loſs from his heaped-up treaſures; as the fair damſel; with myriads of admirers, miſſes even the moſt inſignificant eloper from her train; as the ruſtic milk-maid, dreſſed for the fair, admires her laſt new ribbon more than all her finery; as the poor patient when the doctor almoſt deſpairs, embraces with rapture the moſt trifling ſymptom of returning health, regardleſs of the numerous ills which ſtill oppreſs him;—ſo did this one circumſtance exhilerate the mind of our hero, though undoubtedly the leaſt to be regarded from the ills that ſurrounded him. The ſecond letter, concerning Lord Edward and a duel, next engaged their attention, and Mr. Freeman and Smith agreed to call at the Duke's. They found Lord Edward at home, and very glad to ſee them, though much ſurpriſed at Smith's being ſtill in England. To their friendly inquiries, they found the wound in his forehead was trifling, but that the ball had paſſed twice through his hat. "We but this morning,' ſaid Smith, 'knew of your affair with my Lord Carmine. I am happy to give you this,' producing the paper, 'which told us of it; though I cannot help being ſurpriſed that my Lord Carmine ſent it *me*.' Lord Edward took the paper, and was not diſpleaſed to read it; for though his own mind acquitted him, he was very glad of this public teſtimony to cruſh the malevolence of the world. 'I truſt,' ſaid his Lordſhip giving the paper to Mr. Freeman, 'I ſhall have no occaſion to uſe it, and that you, Sir, (as I ſuppoſe Smith will ſoon follow his regiment) will be ſo good as to take care of it, if unhappily Lord Carmine ſhould not recover.' Then turning to Smith, he added, 'His Lordſhip thought proper the other day, from the information of Wireman, to abuſe you, and inſult me at the ſame time. This was the occaſion of the quarrel with his Lordſhip, and accounts for ſending you the paper; Wireman I fortunately met with the ſame day, and gave him the diſcipline of my whip.' Smith and Mr. Freeman ſaw at once the delicacy of his Lordſhip's explanation, and forbore aſking him the particulars. Our hero warmly thanked him for his friendſhip, which he told him had been of the utmoſt ſervice to him. At this moment Lord Carmine's ſurgeon, who was alſo Lord Edward's, was announced: he informed them that the ball was extracted the over night, and that though he was very weak, he had the greateſt hopes of his recovery. When the ſurgeon retired, Mr. Freeman accompanied him, and left the two young heroes together. Mr. Freeman learnt the particulars of the quarrel from the ſurgeon, and then ſent up his name to the Duke. He found his Grace in his ſtudy, who, with his uſual politeneſs, received him. Mr. Freeman, having duly returned his compliments, ſaid, 'Your Grace has frequently offered me your aſſiſtance; may I beg leave to aſk a particular favour of you?' His Grace a little alarmed, replied, 'That he ſhould be extremely, happy to ſerve him, if—if it lay in his power; but —.'

'I beg your Grace's pardon for interrupting you. It is to write a recommendatory letter for a young friend of mine, who has alſo the honour of being known to your Grace.' The Duke, greatly relieved from the fears his petitioner had raiſed, replied, with a ſmile, 'With the utmoſt pleaſure, and I am ſure I can, with the utmoſt propriety, write in favour of any friend of Mr. Freeman's.' Mr. Freeman bowed low, and informed him of Smith's unpleaſant ſituation as to his regiment. 'If your Grace will intereſt yourſelf with the commander in chief, or with any others in authority, whom your Grace thinks moſt proper, and explain this unlucky affair, I have the greateſt hopes that the young man may be permitted to join his regiment and be reinſtated in his original ſituation, with only a ſlight reprimand.' Mr. Freeman accordingly explained the whole affair, without mentioning Lord Carmine, or Smith's intrigue with Mrs Cherville. The Duke was glad of the opportunity to oblige a man whom he really eſteemed, and, with a hearty good-will, promiſed to intereſt himſelf in the buſineſs. His Grace every day expe-

rienced the obligation he was under to Mr. Freeman for the reformation of his ſon Edward, who, from a wild ungovernable youth, was become moſt dutiful and obedient. His ſon's conduct too, in the affair of the duel, had won his Grace's heart; for though the Duke had been brought up delicately, had lead a courtly life, and, like Falſtaff, was too fond of the good things of this world to be ambitious of the character of an Hotſpur, yet he was extremely well pleaſed to find that the family courage ſtill remained, in its full glory, in his youngeſt ſon Edward. When his friends and connections called upon the account of his ſon's wound, which ſoon became public, the old Duke felt himſelf flattered; it was as another honorary quartering added to his coat of arms, and the praiſe that was beſtowed upon his ſon, was an aggrandizement to his houſe.

His eldeſt ſon, the Marquis of Derry, had been many years in Italy; that voluptuous climate ſuited the debauched young nobleman. He was poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune, independent of his father, and a Roman courtezan conſumed it at her pleaſure. The Marquis was of a weak and ſickly conſtitution, and his miſtreſs too well knew her ſituation to ſuffer him to leave the country. Under the pretence of his health, ſhe ſtill ſought the means of detaining him; and though his father had repeatedly written, and he himſelf had offered to take her with him, ſhe thought her ſtation much more eligible and ſure where ſhe remained at preſent. It is no wonder then, in this ſituation of his Grace's family, that he conſidered Lord Edward as the chief prop and ſtay of it. His Grace had entirely adopted Mr. Freeman's plan concerning Miſs Mary Roſier, by which generous conduct he had enſured the gratitude and obedience of his ſon, and the eſteem and reſpect of the young lady. Lord Edward ſtill perſiſted in his attachment, and ſo highly was his Grace pleaſed with every other part of his conduct, that his conſent to the match became more and more probable. Mr. Freeman informed Smith of his audience with his Grace, which, with the warm friendſhip teſtified by Lord Edward, greatly revived him; but ever when a temporary joy was about to gladden his heart, the recollection that his beloved Eliza was no more to him, at once ſunk him to the earth. Lord Carmine, a few days after, was declared out of danger, and Lord Edward was ſufficiently recovered to go abroad as uſual. Mr. Freeman intended to remain with our hero till a veſſel, that carried diſpatches from government to the late equipment, ſailed, in which Smith was to go with letters from the Duke and others to palliate and excuſe his neglect. His friends, Freeman and Lord Edward, were with him continually, and they could not help remarking the melancholy that had ſeized him. Mr. Freeman greatly feared for his health, and was anxious for his leaving England as ſoon as poſſible, in hopes that change of ſcene might raiſe up new ideas, and cure the preying grief. A circumſtance that occurred the day before he left town, ſtrongly ſhewed how deeply his loſs was rooted in his heart. As they were returning home to dinner, and were paſſing the door of a linen-draper, an elegant carriage drew up, and as the gentlemen ſtopped to permit ſome ladies to get in, the lovely cauſe of his ſorrows came from the ſhop, and, with another lady, was handed to the carriage by a ſtranger. Our hero ſaw, and ſickened at the ſight, he leaned againſt the wall; Mr. Freeman caught him by the arm leſt he ſhould fall to the ground, and the chariot drove away. Smith quickly raiſed himſelf, and forcing a vigour into his frame, which his mind did not feel, he haſtily walked on. Not a word paſſed, but Mr. Freeman determined next morning to ſet off to P———; and, as every thing was ready, they accordingly departed very early. They waited at P——— two days for the ſailing of the veſſel, when Mr. Freeman, with a ſtudied calmneſs, though his heart was wrung at the time, took leave of our young friend. Mr Freeman had taken care to furniſh our hero with a few excellent military books, which he particularly recommended to him to ſtudy.

Mr. Freeman very properly conſidered, that he would want ſome employment to amuſe his mind while he remained at ſea. Smith, who dreaded reflection, eagerly accepted the gift, and the ſtudy of the charts, maps, plans, and drawings agreeably amuſed his time, while the nice calculations and mathematical demonſtrations were continual food to a ſearching mind—a mind like Smith's, which had before ſtudied with avidity the clear doctrines of wiſdom in the truth-explaining problems of Euclid. Mr. Freeman himſelf was an excellent mathematician; and they, whoſe ſtudies have led them the ſame way, need not be told the forcible hold it has upon the mind. As ſuch, Mr. Freeman had early inſtructed Smith in a knowlege of figures—a knowledge that he had employed to advantage many an idle hour of his life. Our hero was ſo pleaſed and occupied by his books, that he aſſociated very little with any one on board the veſſel; but his health returned, and his grief gradually ſettled in a grave and ſilent melancholy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He to the terrors of the ocean known,
In labour vers'd, in danger fearleſs grown,
Met death in all her ſhapes, but dreaded her in none.

BLACKMORE'S ELIZA.

THE Captain of the veſſel was an odd character, and our hero had very little idea of his bravery if ever it were called into action. He was a man, who, though not uncivil, was very far from having a grain of politeneſs, and, without cultivating the particular acquaintance of any, coolly behaved to all the paſſengers alike. He was an inſtance alſo againſt the general rule, that ſwearing is abſolutely neceſſary to keep a ſailor in order; for, as he never ſwore himſelf, he conſtantly rebuked it, and ſometimes on a frequent repetition, even puniſhed it in thoſe under his care, while, at the ſame time, he kept his ſhip's crew in the utmoſt diſcipline. He certainly would have been ranked as a methodiſtical fanatic, had not a favorite toaſt, which he always gave after dinner, proved the contrary, 'Succeſs to the Eſtabliſhed Church, the King, and Britiſh Parliament.'

They had proceeded ſome weeks in their voyage with favourable wind and weather, when a large ſhip appeared in ſight, and ſoon crowded all her ſail towards them. The Captain, haſtily ſummoning the crew and paſſengers on board, made the following ſpeech: 'The enemy you ſee approaching is the famous Algerine pirate, ſo dreadful in theſe ſeas; ſhe is nearly double our force; it is in vain to attempt an eſcape; we muſt ſtrike immediately, or—'

[*To be continued.*] 274

THOMAS HUTCHINS, Geographer to the United States, reports that there are 589,000,000 acres of land comprized in the territory of the Union.

The *Duellists.*——*A* Fable.

'TWAS *on a time the Lord knows when*—
In Ely, *or in* Lincoln *fen*,
A frog and mouſe had ſtrong diſputes,
Held in the language of the brutes,
Who of a certain pool and paſture
Should be the ſovereign and maſter.
Sir, ſays the frog, (and d—n'd his blood)
I hold that my pretenſion's good;
Nor can a brute of reaſon doubt it,
For all that you can ſqueak about it.

The *mouſe averſe to be o'erpower'd,*
Gave him the lie, and call'd him coward;
Too hard *for any frog's digeſtion,*
To have his frog-hood *called in queſtion!*
A bargain inſtantly was made
No mouſe of honour could evade,
On the next morn as ſoon as light,
With deſp'rate bull-ruſhes to fight.
The morning came, *and man to man,*
The grand Monomachy *began.*

Need I recount how each bravado,
Shone in montalto *and* paſſado,
To what a height, *their ire they carried,*
How oft they thruſted and they parried:
But as theſe champions kept diſpenſing
Tineſſes in the art of fencing,
A furious Vulture took upon her,
Quick to decide this point of honour;
And lawyer-like to make an end on't
Devoured both plaintiff and defendant.

Thus, *often in our eaſtern nation,*
(I ſpeak by way of application)
A blow direct to ſome hot youth,
Tho' ſtriking which, perhaps was truth;
And treading on a ſcoundrel's toe,
Or dealing Impudence her blow;
Diſputes in politics and law,
About a feather and a ſtraw;
A thouſand trifles *not worth naming,*
In whoring, jockeying and gaming,
Shall call a challenge's inditing,
And ſet two loggerheads a fighting.
Meanwhile the father of deſpair,
The prince of vanity *and air,*
His quarry, like a hawk diſcov'ring,
O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,
Secure to get in his tuition,
Thoſe volunteers *for black perdition.*

——:⊙:——

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ALGERNON's TOMB.

WHAT *voice of ſorrow fills the wind?*
Its murmur how ſoft and how ſlow;
More ſweet than the breath of the morn;
'Tis Adeline's, *daughter of woe.*
O! Adeline, *fairer than fair,*
Why ceaſes thy lovely ſoft ſmile?
Why ſighs thee, why falls the dew tear?
O tell me, I'll liſt all the while.

See not you how dark is that ſhade?
See not you how penſive the gloom?
Juſt there where a willow light waves,
Pale Algernon *ſleeps in his tomb.*
Now lowly he nods in the duſt,
With turf the grey urn's covered o'er;
No longer he hears the waves toſs,
Ah! Algernon *thou art no more.*

Rude thorns from his grave I remove,
And there place the lily and roſe,
I watch the young plants as they grow;
This lightens my heart *of its woes.*
A wreath here I've twin'd round the urn,
'Tis wove with the faireſt of flow'rs,
But! ſee it low droops and it fades;
Reſtore it ye cooling kind ſhow'rs.

Ye birds that oft perch on his tomb,
Be penſive, and plaintive your tale;
Ye zephyrs, while fanning the turf,
Waft hither the ſweets of the gale.

ELLENOR.

Printed by J. B. COLVIN, *at* W. PECHIN's Printing-Office, *the* corner *of* Gay & Water-ſtreets—*where* Subscriptions *for this* Magazine *are received at* THREE Dollars *per annum.*—*PRINTING of all kinds executed with neatness, elegance and dispatch—and on the* moſt *moderate terms.*